

GRAND RAPIDS HERALD, FRIDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 29, 1893.

HOLDING UP A STAGE

Lone Highwayman Can Do It
But He Must Be Clever Grit.

WITHOUT A SENSE OF FEAR

When Champs Try It, the First At-
tack Generally Ends Their Ca-
reer—Wyoming Charlie.

At stage with six passengers it held
by one man, and the paper says they
were a pack of cowards, and the man in
the car seemed as he turned himself round.

"Well, let me tell you there's another
side to it. I've been right on deck on several
occasions when a holding didn't work
worth a cent. The papers never seem to
get hold of the other side though."

"Let's go and have a cigar and talk about
participants. If you have been held up,
what do you think?"

"Yes, I've been held up," he said as we
got seated in the smoker. "My first ex-
perience was about 12 miles from Tuscar-
ra, N. Y. There were seven men in the
coach, and every one of us had shooting
guns and said when to use them. We
were stopped just where we didn't expect
it, and that was the trouble."

"Before we knew what was up a fellow
had us covered with his revolver. It
wasn't his gun that made us take water
so much as his general demeanor. You
had only to glance at him to realize that
he was a devil and hellish life as cheap
as dirt. He could keep all of us covered,
but we had no place to hide. If one of us
had fired and missed, he'd have downed
the whole crowd before he stopped shoot-
ing. I believe that one of us if it had
been the stage would have pulled down
his gun, but as it was each one feared to
do it, being frightened on the rest. He took
watchers, time, and money to the value of
\$200 from our pocket. He had us stuck
up for half an hour, and there wasn't a
second in that time he didn't have his eye
on ever cash and held himself ready for a
shot. That shot stopped over a dozen
shots before he got his hand."

"And you speak of several failures?"

"Yes, I have witnessed several. Of all
the road agents in the west, or the last 20
years not more than five or six had any
business to take to that line. The others
were chumps and failures. Why, I've
seen from Cheyenne north when we'd pass
three or four dead bodies in a day—corpses
of chumps who'd tried to make a holding
and got left. One day, about 10 miles
south of the Platte, when there were five of
us in the stage, a fellow jumped out and
pulled his yell. Every man in the stage
knew he was a galoot by his antics and the
trembling of his voice, and we weren't a bit
surprised when the driver out with his gun
and dropped him without checking the
gun of his horses."

"Then a man has got to be a good one
to make a successful holding?" I asked.
"There's where you hit hard," he an-
swered. "There may be cowards traveling
around one way, but I never met any. The
idea that five or six will lead you are
going to submit to being cleaned out by
one if there's a chance to it. If you're in
the car in the main, and your way of doing
business is to fire a gun with a sort of
shout to it, if he gets a gun in either hand
and keeps 'em moving about like the heads
or snakes traveling through the grass; if
he seems to be looking right through
you and watching everybody else at the
same time, don't make a fool of yourself."

"You mean give up your bullet?"

"Exactly and don't be too long about it,
either, for those chaps are always in a
hurry. These newspaper men seem to im-
agine that the passengers in a coach sit
with revolvers in their hands throughout
the trip. Their guns are right down in their
hand pockets, of course. Give 'em five
minutes to get ready and they'd clear the road,
but they don't have five seconds. When
you get the hell, you know you're covered.
Only one man—one next to the door—
could do any shooting anyhow, and he'd
be more apt to miss than to hit. What
then? Why, the robber would sure look
mean and everybody would be quick-
er to you could count."

"You have probably noticed a limp in my
gait." That comes from a bullet that got in
my left knee when the Deadwood stage was
held up by Wyoming Charlie. It was in
the afternoon, and there were six of us. A
tenderfoot had the seat by the window,
and he thought he'd show his sang-froid
by opening fire with his pistol. The tender-
foot was 15 feet away, and the bullet had hit
him at the wrist with a touch. The shoot-
ing made him mad, and he began firing
right and left into the stage. He killed
two men and wounded the other four, and
all of us were reduced besides. The tender-
foot was one of the killed, and I can't say I
was ever sorry about it."

"I think I remember reading that Wy-
oming Charlie was killed while holding up
a stage somewhere out west."

"Yes, down near Plum creek, in Ne-
braska, and it was curious how it came about.
There were seven passengers, and one of 'em
was a woman—the wife of a cabin-
tender. She was with the driver, on top.
Charlie took the outfit at a turn in the
road and made a complete surprise. He
got the men out and in line, and when his
hook was turned the woman died at him
with a revolver."

"The killer passed through his hat, and
as he wheeled about to see what was going
on one of his own guns was accidentally
discharged, and the bullet entered his groin.
I saw him at Plum creek before he died.
He was a tough looking customer, and even
in dying he boasted of the number of men
he had killed. I forgot his figures, but he
certainly was willing to die. He had a
full nose. He had been riding for a year
or two and had several thousand dollars
plastered somewhere along the Nebraska
roads."

"If he had any relatives, he didn't care
for 'em, and when he found he was going
over the creek he told the woman who shot
at him where he had buried his plunder
and just how to find it. I had this right
from her own lips, and I know that her
husband afterward paid the money. Queer,
wasn't it, being so bright about his
death? But he didn't stay it up against her.
He was a born bad agent and had the busi-
ness down so fast that it was almost a pleasure
to be relieved by him."—Detroit Free
Press.

HE HAD ENOUGH.

A Mistaken Husband Who Wanted His
Money Back.

He was a highwayman, paid his holdup darkly,
not over a foot sign. He shifted into the
Terrace and Main street, and after having
the judge pointed out ambled up to him
in a half-wit sort of way and shifted from
one foot to the other for full five minutes
until the judge asked him what the trouble
was. "I might as well go to the pen," replied his
husband.

"Don't mean when he takes you, but
mean he wants his wife on the party
changes against him, what'd it done cost him?"

"He prefers a charge of assault and
battery, about \$10 or 12 days."

He understood his mistake and groaned.
Armed, then started a few steps together
and unbuttoned his coat enough to
reach to the bottom of a capacious inner

pocket, from which after much rambling
he brought forth a handful of silver
and copper, laid it on the judge's desk and
said: "Count it, judge. I can't snub them's
big."

The judge counted the money and found
it all right.

"Now, judge, that's for my fine. Pay
right home an' proceed to knock de kids
off, my ole woman. I pose I be back heah
d'reekly in company wif a confederate," and he
shifted toward the door.

About an hour later the judge was stac-
ked by the apparition of a highwayman,
his head darkly being secreted into the
rooms by a big negro woman. The woman's
face was broken with a grin that displayed
her frowns from ear to ear. The man was the
most dilapidated specimen that had ever entered the courtroom. His
right eye was bound up, his left arm in a
sling, and a crutch was under his right arm.
He was led up to the judge by the big colored
woman and in a week and rather indistinct
tones of voice said:

"Judge, while ago I was in heah an lef
20 mill to pay to pay a man's fine for kickin
up the parties."

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shifted toward the door.

"Goodby, darling," he said fondly as
they stood at the door.

"Goodby, George," she murmured,
nesting her head in the time honored
place.

"Goodby."

"In every parting, dearest, there is the
image of death," he whispered, holding
her close and kissing her passionately,
"and we may never meet again."

"Oh, George, darling," she said, cling-
ing to him almost fiercely.

"Who knows, my own, what may hap-
pen between this hour and when we meet
again?"

"Oh, George, my love, say that you
will come back to me—to your own lit-
tle loving Lillian! George—the same
beautiful and brave George you have al-
ways been."

"Trust me, Lillian, darling: trust your
George."

"Oh, George," she said, strong in the
faith which women have, "do trust
you! How could I love you so if I did
not?" And she kissed him fondly.

"Then I shall come again, Lillian, my
own."

"But when, George? When?" she
asked anxiously.

"At 8 this evening, darling."

"Oh, George," she wailed, "will it be
so long as that? So long, so long?"

He took her in his arms tenderly.

"Darling," he whispered, "I will make it
as brief as possible."

And it came to pass as he had spoken.
—New York Journal.

CATCHING A TRAIN.

He Didn't Have Much Time to Spare, but
Got It All Right.

A man sat in an up town restaurant
on Sunday afternoon eating what the
waiter called an "egg omelet." He was
at peace with all the world, and he had
plans for using that afternoon in the
pursuit of pleasure. Just as he buttered
his last piece of toast a messenger boy
strrolled into the room, talked a moment
with the cashier and then came over to
him. The messenger boy handed the man
a telegram. The man tore it open
and read a message to this effect:

"Imperative that you should be in El-
mina at 9 o'clock tonight."

The man read the message through
twice and then looked at his watch. It
was 8:35 o'clock. He jumped up, rushed
over to the cashier's desk, paid his check
and hustled out to the street. He walked
rapidly to a ticket office on Main street,
entered and asked for a time table. He
found that the only train that would suit
his purpose left Buffalo at 4:30 o'clock.
It was then 8:10.

The man decided that he had time
enough to go home, change his linen, get
his grip and get back to the train. He
ran down Eagle street and caught a Ni-
agara street car. As he climbed up the
steps he by the city hall clock it was
8:14 o'clock. The conductor told him that
it took 16 minutes to go to the corner of
Massachusetts street, where he wanted to
be. He ran down Massachusetts street, and
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